smoked.

He still ate too much. He used to call in the afternoon to say hello to Karl and Frederick (not Fred), and to find out what we were having for supper. He missed the House. He had his mother call in the evening, after Adam and the manager had gone home, with the news that he'd be back that Friday. He wanted us to treat his return as imminent and inevitable. It was neither.

Mack's mother was aware of the problem. That was why she phoned. She said Mack would sit outside if anyone was smoking in the lounge. She'd never been inside the House, so she must have discussed Mack's condition with his "team." Someone from the team must have mentioned that almost everyone in the House was a smoker. The lounge was always full of smoke. Mack couldn't sit on the porch all winter. She couldn't sit on it one day. Adam didn't want the tenants to sit on the porch.

I visited him once at the Care Home. I hadn't been there since Barrie went there to die. One didn't go there to get better. I brought him a big bag of potato chips and some candy. I didn't think his diet mattered any more. He was sitting right inside the door. He seemed glad to see me. He stuffed the chips and the candy into his napsack. He looked smaller, though that might have been an effect of the lobby. It was larger and brighter than the lounge I was used to seeing him in. The air was clean. No one was smoking. He